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parnassus

FALL 2005



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parnassus

FALL 2005

INTER-ARTS MAGAZINE OF NORTHERN ESSEX COMMUNITY COLLEGE

*Parnassus is the name of the mythological
mountain of hope of the nine muses
who inspired humankind in the arts.*

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted to determine eligibility; a majority vote for a piece meant publication. Parnassus provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.

parnassus profile:

COVER ARTIST: KATERINA KUBEC

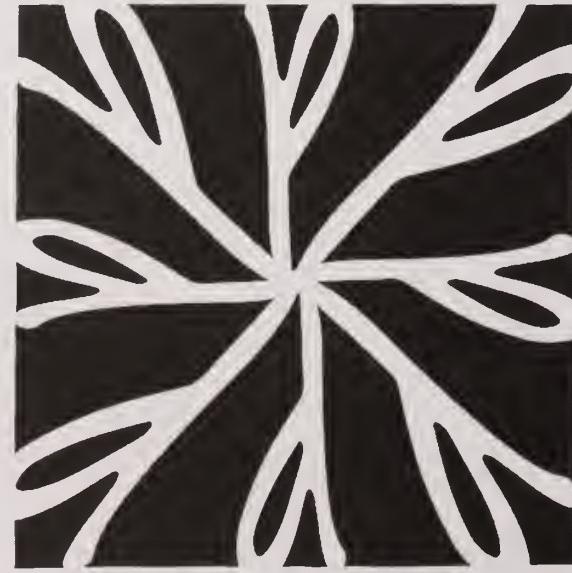
The cover photograph, depicting a bronze statue of a horse, was taken outside of the Atlantis Resort in the Bahamas, where Katerina spent a recent vacation. The photograph was taken for her course in Digital Photography, which, she says, makes her "see things totally differently." Katerina is a Graphic Arts major who will be graduating in December, hopefully to find a job in advertising or graphic design. She currently designs flyers and websites for family members and friends, and has loved learning how to use her own photographs in her work.



TEGAN U. DOUCET

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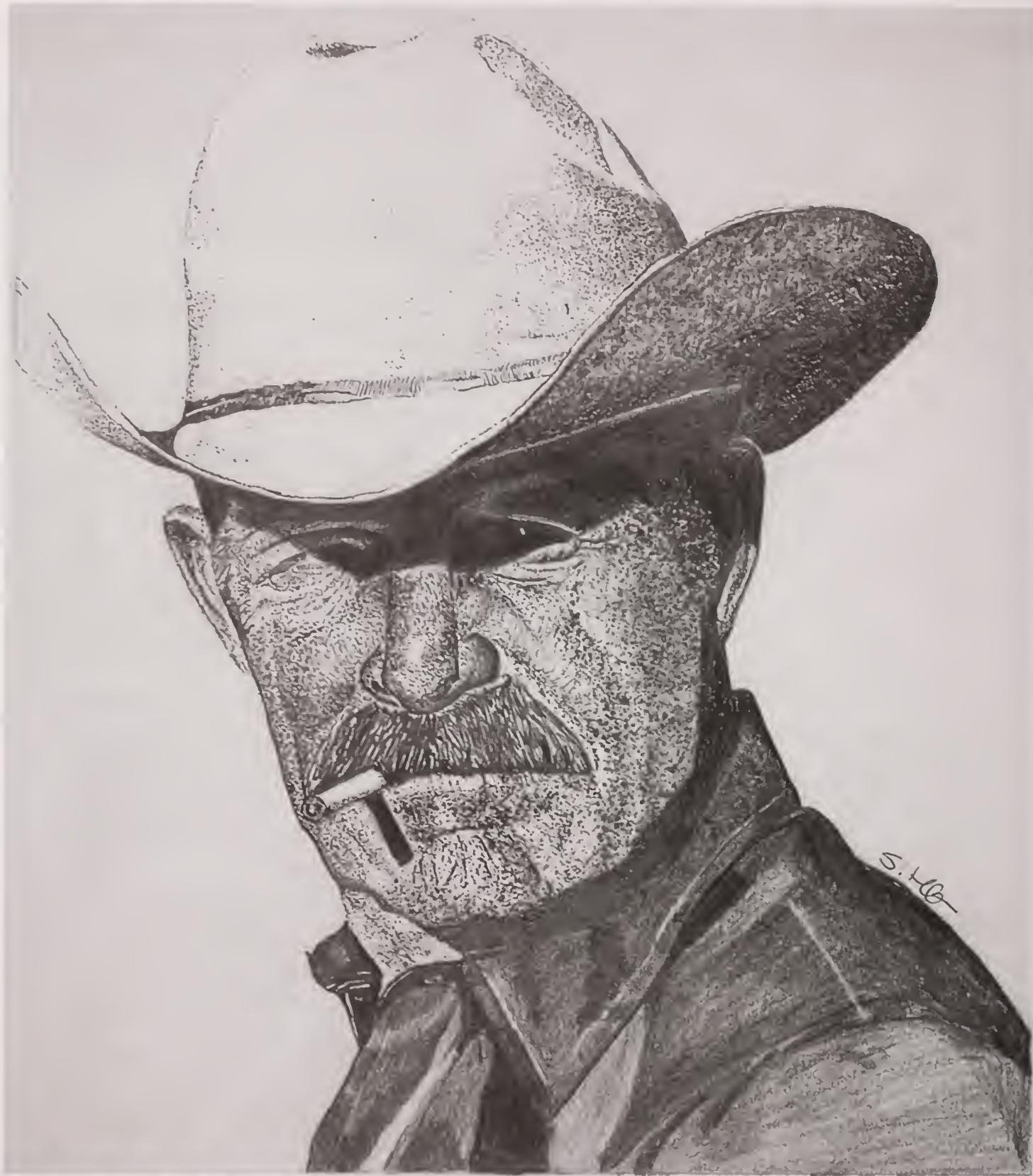


CROSSWORDS JENNIFER FARABINO

1 down in a jumble hiding from the crooked lines
while 2 across from each other walk away from fate
Slanting each message in black and white
tiny boxes to pattern each letter pristine
while the lead infiltrates the crisp page
thinning with every erase
smudges where we strive for perfection
a mere typo setting the stage for fault
but the human condition predicts it as so
What is it you see now... stare closer
when the eye's unfocused the words come alive
remove the 4 for intangible weaponry
slip of the tongue in audible prose
yet now it comes etched as fingers grasp the wood
and unknowingly enslave themselves to the monotony
Another day another breath set aside
but with the definitions and clues
a mystery is revealed with each stroke, each sigh
if only it could unravel the secrets in life...
With 9 or 10 missing it becomes a blatant
an overlooked finality to any answer unspoken
and any riddle hidden away in a treasured time chest
the pre-determined black boxes shift our gaze
never seeing the limits set upon ourselves
struggling for an answer that slipped away with the morning news
every day is marked with a new question to fill the graph
but it is our choice to write outside the lines.

marlboro man

SUSAN HOFFMAN



defiance

JOSHUA THERRIEN

Strive to be unique, rounded,
 Standing out from the reliefs.
 Dare not to walk the tidy path
 Tread upon by the cowardly,
 The single file treads and tracks,
 Like the caboose and cars follow
 The smoke belching engine.

Rules were written by the cowardly,
 Designed to keep a stranglehold
 On the creative, life-defining soul,
 To smother the ambitious creatures
 And turn them into the weak humans
 That scurry there and here, searching,
 Like squirrels in the cold, nut-less winter.

Not like the timid animals that duck,
 Hide, flee back into their holes
 At the first shadow of hard work,
 But dare to stretch and build and defy
 Those who would cap the very geysers
 That spew forth voluptuous potential
 Erupting from deep within ourselves.

Pre-molded, pre-structured guidelines
 Exist only in the matter of those tentacled
 Box-cutters, squeezing verse into vertically,
 Horizontally pleasing squares, sheering off
 The edges of individuality as if it were
 Something that should not be there,
 Cutting away the excess emotions.

Invent, create, spill forth the liquid
 That fills the cup of your soul.
 Bring to fruition the markings
 Common only to the elders of lost time,
 The old masters of language, at once.
 These creators silently attest that
 There are no consolations in the grave.

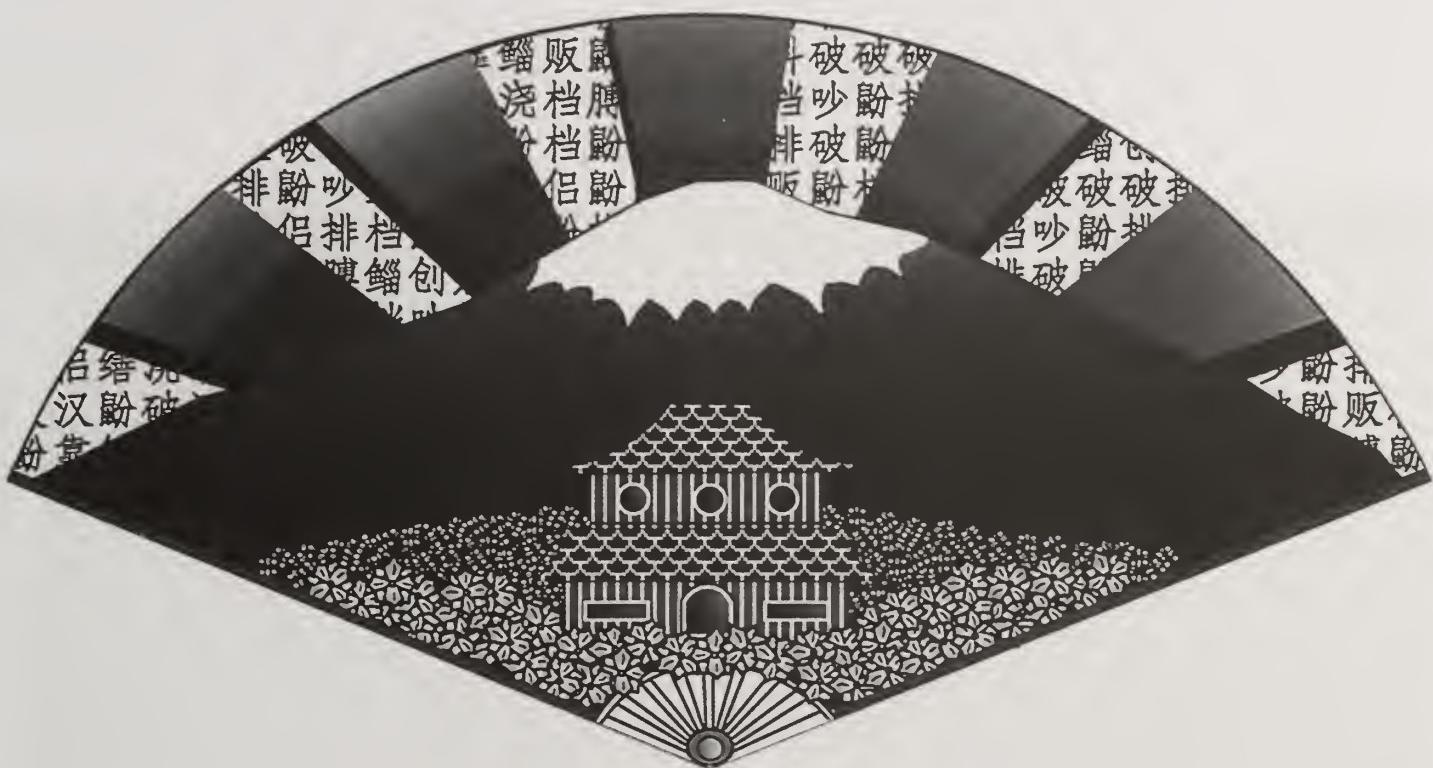
fun & fancy sushi

MARK MORIN

The seaweed went out for a walk one day, under The Numb Wasabi sun, meeting on the way One hundred eight tiny grains of rice-United with Chopstick legs. "May we accompany you on your journey?" asked the rice in Unison. The seaweed liked the idea of having someone to travel with so he agreed fervently. They went on, over hills of tuna under a pickled ginger sky, recruiting a slew of other Friends as they went, including a Shitake Mushroom, a few scallions, and a bamboo stalk. It started to rain. After getting Damp, Soggy, Soaked, Drenched, Dripping, the caravan noticed a large forest from atop a hill where they could find shelter from the salty soy storm... They proceeded toward the forest. Suddenly the seaweed slipped on a slick patch of caviar, at the same moment the rice tripped over their own chopsticks, the scallions—not watching where they were going—collided with the bamboo, who in turn bounced off the mushroom, and sent them all rolling down the hill in Tandem. One hundred sixteen mouths screamed. The seaweed embraced the rice protectively and the rice clung tightly to the bamboo, who held on arduously to the mushroom with the rice's legs. The scallions flew Across the Sesame Night sky straight to Heaven. Down the hill the company rolled, across the globe and around the wasabi sun before rocketing into the bamboo forest and being cut in half and half again, and again by several very sharp rocks...the pieces rolled into a puddle of soy sauce where they were eaten by a Panda.

feudal japan playing cards

JOHN ZEBROWSKI



death

SUSAN HOFFMAN

Is this the death
I have feared?
I have been waiting for you the longest
longer than love
and the sanctity of belonging
longer than all beginnings
I have waited for you

death, please, the next time,
would you not whisper in my ear?
Scream if you must
but don't whisper
for I missed your cue
and I was found holding on
long after you came

I have touched you longer
and more completely than I should have
now it is you and I
who waltz in the dark
and sleep like spoons
in the deepest drawer of my soul



KAREN BEAL

stone MELODY MARTINEZ

Today,
I felt the world closing in on me
The earth was this all-encompassing globe
That I,
like a rat,
like a flake of snow was stuck in.
I couldn't move
I just looked straight up
blue
a boundary like no other
and down at the ground
where everything stops forever
and is still.
I didn't dare to go forward
and I knew that going back
would make no difference
So, I stood there motionless,
like stone
and felt myself within myself
and found myself alone.

DAVID KRAMER





The Devolution of Christopher Smith

STACIE PETERS

"You know," Michael said, "my wife is cooking a big dinner tomorrow night. You should stop by."

Christopher Smith didn't answer. He was too busy staring at one of Michael's paintings. His head was bent sideways as he waved his hand in front of the canvas. The blotches of black and gray paint seemed to swim and swirl with the motion of his hand, and he grinned.

"I can see you're currently indisposed." Michael smiled and placed a hand on Christopher's shoulder. "I'll call you tomorrow then. I've told my wife a lot about you. She really wants to meet the man behind the painting."

If Christopher touched the canvas, the gray spots would engulf his hands, and blackness would crawl up his arms. He wanted to know what paint felt like, climbing up his skin, but he kept his self-control. This was an exhibit by his friend, Michael. It was against the rules to touch the paintings. Christopher Smith would not break the rules. But perhaps his hand did not respect Michael's work as Christopher did. To stop his hand from touching the paint, he shoved it into his pocket where he felt the small bottle of pills Michael had given to him earlier. He wrapped his fingers around it and held on tightly.

That was the last clear thing he remembered. Everything else was a blur of post-modern art and people he didn't recognize, spinning all around him. And then the next thing he knew, he awoke on the beat-up mattress that sat on the floor of his unfurnished studio apartment. His girlfriend was lying next to him, snoring lightly. His head was throbbing.

The phone rang. It was Michael. Just as he had the previous evening, he requested Christopher's presence at his expensive loft apartment for dinner. He told Christopher to bring his girlfriend, dress nicely, and be there at eight o'clock.

When they arrived, Christopher's girlfriend took an immediate liking to Michael. Their host kissed her hand graciously and she giggled like a love-sick teen. Christopher wanted to believe he was jealous, but couldn't. After graduating college, with a near-perfect GPA, he had realized his girlfriend was not as supportive of his art as he had previously believed.

"You need a job," she would say. "Even if it's just a small, part-time one."

Christopher would respond that he couldn't get a job, because he needed total concentration to focus on making art.

"You don't have to work that much," she insisted. "Besides, you need to get out more. Don't you get bored sitting in this studio all day?"

But the subject was soon dropped. Christopher was not going to get a job. Being an artist was his job. It was what he went to school for. He had no intentions of discarding four years of expensive education in lieu of a crappy position in retail.

Besides, Michael was a shining example of a successful artist. All he did was paint, and now Christopher was attending his exhibits and getting invited to dine at his ritzy apartment. Michael talked about his wife a lot, and Christopher knew she didn't have a "real" job either. She was Michael's support, the pillar that propped him up at exhibits, standing steadily beside him.

"My wife is in the kitchen," Michael said. "Hang on, I'll call her."

He didn't need to. A woman was already standing in the doorway, smiling at them.

Christopher was stunned.

She was beautiful. Really and truly beautiful. Her hair was as black as the paint on Michael's canvas, her eyes as gray as the spots that threatened to engulf Christopher. The woman's hair hung in loose curls around her white, flawless skin. She was a tall woman - taller than Christopher, almost as tall as Michael. She was slender and shapely, wearing a slinky black dress, and adorned with gold jewelry. Christopher realized he was staring at her and, flustered, stuck out his hand to introduce himself.

"Ah," she said. When she took his palm in her own and smiled warmly at him, Christopher found himself grinning like a hormonal teen. "Christopher Smith! I absolutely loved your painting." She hesitated and glanced at her husband. "What was it called again...?"

"The Nicotine Woman," Michael answered.

The Nicotine Woman was the only painting of Christopher's that had been moderately successful. It was a depiction of a woman made of smoke, her internal organs made out of real cigarette stubs, which he had pasted onto the canvas. He had shown it off at a small gallery shortly after he

continued...

graduated from art school, only to have it sold to an anti-smoking organization, who wanted to use it for a new campaign. Christopher himself was a heavy smoker. He had been smoking since he was thirteen, and he wasn't necessarily trying to relay an anti-smoking message. Or maybe he was. He hadn't really thought about what the point of the painting was; all he knew was that it came out looking pretty neat and people really liked it.

Unfortunately, that success was fleeting and final. The painting appeared in anti-smoking ads over a year ago, and now it was nearly forgotten by all. Christopher's biggest problem was inspiration. He had no idea what sort of things he wanted to paint.

The two couples chatted in the hall for several minutes, then the women disappeared into the kitchen, leaving the two men alone.

"Do you like the place?" Michael asked.

Christopher nodded. And your wife, he wanted to add.

"I worked very hard for this," Michael continued. "It's hard, you know. Trying to make a living as an artist. That's why I respect you, Chris. I've been where you are. I know how hard it can be. Especially if your woman isn't supporting you."

Christopher nodded, thinking darkly of his five-foot-nothing, kinda-pudgy girlfriend, who didn't seem suitable to be breathing the same air as that beautiful creature in the kitchen.

"I couldn't do what I'm doing without my wife," Michael finished. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bottle. It was full of little green pills. Michael uncapped it and shook one of the pills out into Christopher's hands.

When Christopher told his girlfriend that all Michael did was paint, it was a lie. Michael had another source of income: he sold drugs. He sold unlabelled pills to the creative people in his social circle, although to Christopher, he often gave them away. Michael and Christopher were good friends, and Michael could sympathize with Christopher's financial situation.

"You'll be inspired again," Michael stated. "You get that creative block, but it always comes flowing back." He smiled. "Let me get you a drink."

Dinner began shortly afterwards. Michael's wife had put on classical music, and it seemed to grow louder at every moment. Christopher envisioned notes flowing out of the speakers, through the air, and dancing over the dinner table. As he watched the eighths and half-notes flutter through the

air, the rest of the dinner table held conversation around him.

"Well, when you're just starting out, you need a second source of income," Michael was saying. "Only people who are successful can make this into a living. It's unfortunate, but it's the truth. And artistic success is completely different from financial success."

"That's what I said," Christopher's girlfriend responded. "But Chris doesn't think so. In fact blah blah blahhh."

Christopher stared at her. Her aura seemed darker than usual. She was hunched over her plate and had barely touched her steak. One of the notes fluttered happily towards her; she growled and swatted at it, before grabbing it with her hands. She held it tightly, as she bit off a piece, chewing slowly. The music faded. The notes were scared.

"Blah blah!" Michael exclaimed. He was cutting into his own steak, which was bleeding, not pink or maroon juices, but a bright red puddle, which filled the plate and stained the side of mixed vegetables a deep crimson. Christopher shuddered.

Michael's wife suddenly leaned forward. She looked Christopher right in the eye, and touched his hand with hers. A tingling feeling of warmth shot up his arm at the sensation of her touch, and she smiled.

"You haven't seen the bedroom," she said.

Christopher shook his head.

"Or me naked in it," she added playfully.

He stared at her. She smiled coyly, and daintily stuck her fork in a small piece of steak, put it in her mouth and chewed quietly. Christopher glanced at his girlfriend, who was busy devouring what remained of the music. He turned his head, and looked at Michael. Michael was still murdering his meat, which had now bled all over the tablecloth. It seeped through the fabric, and approached Christopher's place setting. When it touched his silverware, he glanced up at Michael's wife again. She was no longer looking at him.

And he suddenly knew what his next painting would be.

When he had created The Nicotine Woman, he was not on hard drugs. He smoked cigarettes and drank at parties, but that was it. It wasn't until shortly afterwards, when he met Michael at an exhibit, that he became hooked on the pills that Michael gave him. When he was on them, he saw things; things that were amazing and awesome;

things that were disturbing; things that were surreal. And by seeing these things, his creativity was sparked. Creativity stemmed from drugs. Even with The Nicotine Woman, he was inspired by the cigarettes he smoked.

It was only under the influence of drugs that a person could separate from their earthly attachments, at least, for a little while, and think only in terms of the deeper creative experience. When Christopher was high, he could see through all the pretentious bullshit of the world. No longer was he caught in the tangled mess of strings that knotted themselves around the simplest of concerns; instead, he could look through the ball of knots, straight into the center of the matter, and things that never made sense to him before were suddenly clear in his mind's eye.

Like the matter of his girlfriend. Love was as potent as any drug. Yet he remained uninspired by her, because he felt no passion for her. No devo-

tion. He had no muse. At least, not until he had met Michael's wife. Christopher found himself thinking of the woman day and night, with a carnal lust he had never felt for anyone. He fantasized about the woman at night, after his girlfriend had fallen asleep beside him.

So much, in fact, that he used her as the subject for his next painting.

He didn't need a picture of her. He had only met her in person once, but she had visited him in dreams so often that he had memorized her face, and every curve of her body. Christopher Smith painted day and night, but when his girlfriend saw it, she didn't seem very interested.

"It's kind of boring," she said. "It's just a woman, right?" She didn't recognize the subject as Michael's wife. Christopher looked over the canvas. To any stupid person, it may have looked like one of those boring, stiff portraits that people used to do prior to modern times, but Christopher knew it was

more. It was a declaration of his love and lust for a woman, his muse, something that every artist should have.

"And why another woman?" his girlfriend continued, critically. "Can't you paint anything else?"

Christopher tried to explain the concept of a woman's role as a muse. He tried using the example of Van Gogh, who after years of using absinthe, cut off his ear and gave it to a woman.

"But he didn't give it to his muse," his girlfriend argued. "He gave it to some random prostitute. Besides, wasn't he gay?"

Christopher hated his girlfriend, and this was one of the reasons why. Leave it to her to be completely oblivious to the romance of that story.

Michael stopped by to visit occasionally, and Christopher did not bother trying to hide the painting of the man's wife. Unlike Christopher's girlfriend, Michael knew immediately what Christopher was doing. The two men stood in silence in front of the painting, gazing at Michael's two-dimensional wife.

"It doesn't look like her," Michael finally said. "But it is her, isn't it?" Christopher nodded, and Michael folded his arms across his chest. His skin was very pale. He looked as if he hadn't slept in days, with the dark circles under his eyes.



BRITANNY FLICKINGER

continued...

"Are you coming to my exhibit tonight?" Michael asked, after a long, awkward silence.

Christopher said that he didn't know if he could make it. Michael nodded, and left, without another word. Seeing his friend go made Christopher feel oddly satisfied, and he smiled to himself, as he brought the paintbrush up to the lips of the painting.

Later that evening, Christopher's girlfriend repeated the question Michael had asked earlier: was he going to the exhibit or not? Christopher didn't even bother to answer her, so his girlfriend sighed, stated she was leaving without him, and vanished.

As soon as she was gone, Christopher popped another pill.

And he painted.

And when his high wore off, he popped another one.

And he painted more.

He was going for a third one, when a hand shot out of the canvas.

Christopher cried out and dropped the bottle in terror. He backed away from the painting, and watched in awe. Michael's wife was moving. She leaned her pretty head out of the picture and stared at Christopher.

"Christopher Smith," she said, "don't take so many, sweetheart. They'll kill you, and you don't want to die when your career's about to take off, do you?"

Christopher shook his head.

"I was angry at my husband at first," she continued. She had bent over, and was slowly crawling out of the painting. The paint on the canvas was still wet, and it smeared as she moved, sending streaks of black dress down her bare arms. When she was finally out, she held out her hands to Christopher, leaving wet prints of muddled peach on his clothing. "You know, I didn't give those pills to Michael just so he could give free hand-outs to his friends. That apartment is expensive. We can't afford it on selling paintings alone."

She embraced him. Her skin smelt like oil and made Christopher dizzy.

"But I like you, Christopher," she whispered. "I want to see you succeed. And maybe I can find a way to make you a little extra cash..."

It was the last thing she said to him. She kissed Christopher, and they made love on the floor of the studio, in front of the empty canvas. When it was over, they lay still as Christopher held the woman in his arms. Eventually, she sat up, and looked down at him.

"I have something for you," she said. Christopher watched, sleepily, as Michael's wife placed something in his hand. Then she stood up and walked back towards the painting. She disappeared into it once again.

And Christopher closed his eyes.

He awoke hours later, when his girlfriend re-entered the apartment. Christopher was now fully-clothed, and he realized that he had been hallucinating again. He sat up groggily and glanced at his painting. It looked no different than it had before.

"So guess what," his girlfriend exclaimed. "The exhibit was a disaster. Michael didn't even show up."

Christopher could still feel something clenched in the palm of his hand.

"They called his house, but nobody answered. But yeah, I actually looked around at his stuff before the gallery kicked us out." She smiled. "Chris, his paintings were terrible. Awful. They were all boring landscapes and portraits. Really old-fashioned. I saw them, and I thought, 'Wow, Chris could do waaaaay better than this Michael Brown guy.'"

Christopher slowly opened his hand.

"Not that they weren't good-looking. But I mean, that's all they were. There was a really nice portrait of his wife." She yawned. "I'm kind of hungry though. Did you eat tonight? I'm going to make us something."

She left the room, and Christopher stared at his palm.

He held a small, gold wedding band in his hand. It was large enough for a male's hand. The surface was caked with bright red paint. It was still a little wet, and Christopher wiped it on his t-shirt. He glanced up at the painting, which hadn't changed.

People had been inspired for centuries by love and drugs. They went hand in hand in the creative process, and now Christopher Smith was bound to it. People were driven to create art, to self-mutilate, to kill, to become mad, all for the sake of love and drugs. There would never be a lack of inspiration in his life, not until he was dead.

He slid the wedding band on his index finger and held up his hand. Between his fingers, Michael Brown's former wife watched him from the portrait. Christopher Smith grinned. Her image did not change. Christopher Smith grabbed a nearby paintbrush and scribbled his initials in the corner of the portrait. He could tell, from the woman's expression, that this satisfied her.

And satisfying his wife was all he could really desire.

DAVID CLOONAN



my view of boston REBECCA ROSE



who am i? **CHRISTINE BRADY**

I am the deep red of the late sunset
An 8 pointed compase rose
Forever spinning in endless cartwheels
I laugh because many can't catch up
With me, like a bird
I'm singing "keeping it Real",
Wise beyond my years, yet wishing
I was 6 again, without a care in the world
I am a contradiction, a cherry red Stingray,
Flashy and fast, yet warm and inviting
Like my pillow top bed
I am simple and comforting, like chocolate
On a bad day, yet confusing,
Playing many chords at once
Like my father's old guitar
I am Roseland Ranch, full of peace
And freedom where the horses run wild
Through the pine trees that stay strong
Even in the darkest winter months
I fear the same thing that I want most,
The word that hides behind my eyes
yet written all over my face
I fear *love*



basilere bridge

LINDA GERMAIN

karma

ANGELA DIVEGLIA

Bitch bit me! Officer Lufkin's mind screamed.

"Assistant, get me a towel," said the officer.

The viscous fluid is drop drip dripping on my patience. This challenger is without a doubt piercing my watering eyes with his very own visual receptors, foaming at the mouth with absolute insanity. Goodness, not another series of needles to tickle my spine. The officer's stomach began to twist and turn with nausea as his thoughts began to envelope him.

"In my own territory, your ass would be grass. But don't worry; you'll get your own. Bring him to Room 324, I'll get the syringes and handle it from there," the officer explained to his co-workers as he applied pressure to his gushing wound.

The officer's mind began to race again.

His last look tore into my warm flesh like a thousand ice shards. As I walked down the hall, 324 grasped my head with a firm hand, and stopped me at the door. I could only open it. His life would soon end and my revenge.

Officer Lufkin took a deep breath as he started to press the sharp pin into the submissive animal.

"You've chomped your last limb, pooch."



BRIANNE BAKER



AURA VAIDES

At birth I am silent breath
Escaping brown lips.
Gospel Mama holds my hands.
I am pressed to the sun in warm
sand.

My continent cried when I escaped.
1976 said farewell to a baby girl.
Beneath a ginger canopy
Rains flooded the house
with the color of longing
leaving my mother barren.

Today
I am
open mouth
rain catcher. I am
shrinking hips and proud skin.
I am a brown bean plucked from the
fields of my homeland,
full of unfinished business.



SHAUNA ETHERIDGE

my poem AARON FOSS

My poem was born just yesterday
 From somewhere in my skull
 Some people think it's interesting
 Some people find it dull

My poem just graduated
 It grew up much too fast
 It moves into the future
 While I relive my past

My poem just got pregnant
 It's seven months along
 It's hoping for a limerick
 I'm hoping for a song

My poem painted the nursery
 I went to buy the bonnet
 One last push and I'm a dad
 To a gorgeous baby sonnet

My poem had complications
 That's what the tests all said
 It won't be helped by ginger ale
 Or lying home in bed

My poem and I got drunk last night
 On cheap Mexican beer
 The doctor said he'd be surprised
 If it lasted through the year

My poem became an addict
 To whiskey and to cards
 It flopped a straight and got too high
 Bringing it back was hard

My poem died just today
 It was spiritually abraded
 I watched as its words disappeared
 As all its letters faded

My poem was worthy of your hate
 But I will always love it
 No animals were harmed or killed
 In the writing of it

neighbors MELINDA CRONIN

They yell and they scream,
Spitting out profanities.
Anger sears their lips.

They waste their life,
Sucking down their cigarettes
As taxes pay their way.

The scent of horrid death
Fumed in the air yesterday
As they prepared the feast.

They sliced up the deer.
They did it outside
While I cringed and looked away.

VERONICA JORDAN





CHRISTINE TUCKER

MUSE JOSHUA THERRIEN

You freed me from slavery.
I could have explored the peaks
And summits of Mount Parnassus
In search of such an inspiring beauty
And come back with the block.

Your warmth and caring
Was like coffee to my tired mind,
Separating my sweet, poetic abundance
From the dark, unflavored abyss.

Your soothing laughter,
Though dreamlike and fantastical,
Has awoken the sleeping creature
That guards the wealth of ideas
From its Van Winkle like slumber.

Potential stirs within as
Your overwhelming smile
Fills my being with energy
The way fragments and broken ideas
Used to fill a corner basket.

I don't want you because you are my muse.
I want you because you are a work of art.
You are my muse because I want you.

the wishing well

AURA VALDES

I was born from a place of bittersweet magic.
My mother knew the depth of my wishing well
like the sea knows its first storm.
Mama carried the weight of six children
against her hip
when she gave me to the nuns
and the church.
I called her name
when the cradle broke
and fell onto the floor
of a rented house
with a rented family.
The calling so ancient
that I cried for 10 days
And ten nights.
My mouth so empty
my hands fussing are still fussing
like two fish
fighting the hook and line.
I was betrayed by the promise of a better life in America.
She is that ocean.
And I am that doubting fish.

waiting

ADAM MOOSHIAN

11 trees, ten grow.
 11 trees, one succumbing to foliage already
 despite it being early September.
 A rectangular pane separates us.
 "I want to sit under the ash," I say—
 whose leaves are yellow
 with grape like clusters of orange balls
 and dying leaves flaking off
 that I wish would land on me,
 like a winters snowfall perhaps,
 light and airy, and warm
 yet obviously cold.
 Although this I shall never know
 I will forever, or at least today,
 glare through this rectangle
 and watch the world turn,
 turn into something so beautiful,
 so dead.
 When leaves fall, branches bare,
 I shall still long to be there;
 Under that same ash, the first to go,
 waiting for those buds to grow.

BRIANNE BAKER



unknown soldiers DAVID DOYLE

My Angel up above
True "Disciple of Jesus"
Rose of a soldier

God's roses bloom red
scattered upon the casket
upon death, beauty

Hail falls in large stones
our red roses wilt away
In lightning God screams

Yes the roses may die
Pray for the rose and the vine
soldiers will hear you





LINDSEY KUBIK

study of ducks in the autumn... MARK MORIN

Cooking brown Rice
Is it done?
Ouch! I've burned my hand

Saturday afternoon
writing poetry about rice
there's soy sauce on my paper

I take one last bite
And pack the rice away
Walking toward the river

Sitting on the docks
fifteen ducks swimming by
fighting over rice

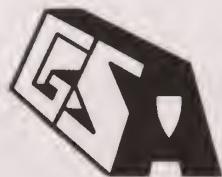
already numb

MELODY MARTINEZ

At thirteen
I was living to watch everyone around me die
I was walking sightless
through the hallways of life
and missing all the early
warning signs.
Back then,
I was watching boys cry aloud
their girlfriends have long since died
loners were still with the death
of one of their own
and I—
I was deprived of any type
of childhood.
I was, with force, shot down
to something low and human
and I was cut.
There was an invisible noose around my neck
and I could feel the trembling of
the train down at my feet
and the rush of blood away from
my heart
but by the time the contact had come
I was already numb.

VERONICA JORDAN





Environmental Protection Agency



Environmental Network for Animal Concerns



Gay Straight Alliance— NECC Chapter

Greenpeace



International Fellowship of Reconciliation

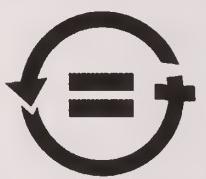


National Wildlife Protection Agency

NWPA

World Youth Peace Organization

Carter Center



Todos on themes of peace, social justice, and the environment

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DONNA LEE CLOUGH

DYLAN CROSTON

KATE DALRYMPLE

BETTY DENISE

OSCAR FRIAS

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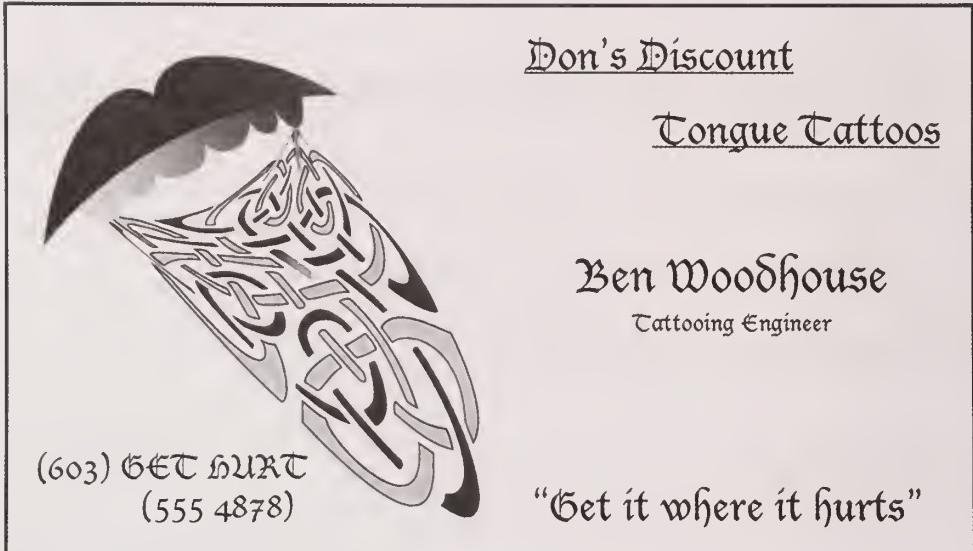
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Don's Discount
Tongue Tattoos

Ben Woodhouse
 Tattooing Engineer

"Get it where it hurts"

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